OUR XMAS GIFT — A REMINDER! (1st Edition)

JOHN BULL

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41182

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

MY WEEK WITH THE GRAND FLEET

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

A Soldier's Call

Send me some KHAKI

EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS

See that the name EXCELDA is upon every handkerchief. You can buy them from any Draper or Outfitter.

Trust a British Soldier for knowing a good article!

Steele's Adv. Serv.

Then Annabel had a brain wave—

"All those places are too dear," she said. "I know where we'll go for our furniture—to the 'Midland.'" And we did.

Believe me, there's not a place in the Kingdom that can touch the "Midland" for genuine sterling value. You've only to compare their plainly marked prices with what you would be asked to pay elsewhere for furniture of anything like the same quality; and you'll see for yourself how true it is that

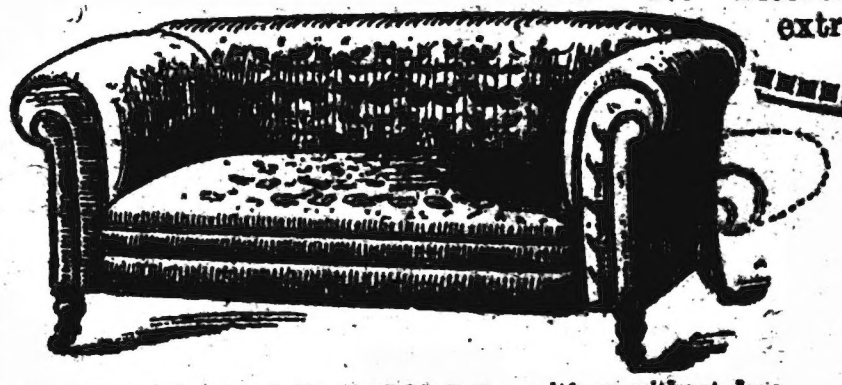
Money buys more at the 'Midland'

Even in these days of "shortages" the "Midland" give you £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture to select from. You will be simply astounded at the variety of choice. And when you've found exactly what you want, you get it at the bedrock, bargain price. If you prefer to pay cash, you secure 10% discount. If you decide to furnish out of income, "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to pay at your own convenience. No interest is charged — no extras whatever.

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 - £0	5 6
£20 - 0	11 6
£30 - 0	16 6
£40 - 1	2 0
£50 - 1	7 6
£100 - 2	15 0
£200 - 5	10 0
£500 - 13	15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.



Well-upholstered Chesterfield Settee, with or without drop ends as desired. Thoroughly well sprung and covered with various shades of art tapestry. £8 18s. 6d.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Script.

An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at £4 14s. 6d.

Rail Fares Paid.
Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,
Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,
15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. Saturdays—9 till 1.

Stop War Flour GRUMBLES in your home.

Save 8d. in the 1/- on eggs as well.

Miss Wright tells how.

TO the wise ones, there is always a way out of dilemmas and to-day we announce authority's solution of the war-flour-and-dear-eggs difficulty.

If anyone knows how to make war flour behave properly Miss Wright—'Cordon Bleu' Medallist of the London School of Cookery, Domestic Editress of "Everywoman's Weekly," and one of the best known lady cooks in London—is that woman—so her advice is worth your careful study.

Miss Wright says:

"With the present war-time flour it is often a problem to produce light and delicious pastry, with due regard to economy, but Goodall's Egg Powder completely solves the difficulty."

And the splendid thing about this preparation—Goodall's Egg Powder—is that it not only makes war flour acceptable but makes you almost independent of eggs. A 7d. tin takes the place—perfectly—of 21 eggs—three a penny—and therefore its regular use goes a long way to make up for the high price of butter, fruits, etc.

Banish war-flour grumbles from your dining-room by getting a few 1½d. packets (equal to three eggs), or a 7d. or 1/2 tin from your grocer to-day. But insist on *Goodall's*, the kind Miss Wright used. If your grocer hasn't it, please write us, giving his name.

1½d. packets; **7d.** and **1/2** tins.

Goodall, Backhouse & Co., Leeds.

HOW TO STOP ATTACKS ON YOUR HAIR

Adopt the Popular "Harlene Hair-Drill."

1,000,000 HAIR GROWING AND HAIR BEAUTIFYING OUTFITS FREE TO ALL.

IF you are worried about the condition of your hair, if it is weak, impoverished, falling out, or affected with scurf, dandruff, or over-greasiness, do as millions of other (both men and women) have done and try "Harlene" Hair Drill — the delightful toilet exercise and unfailing remedy for all hair-health defects.

YOU MAY TEST IT FREE

A short course of Hair-Drill will quickly convince you of the wonderful benefits to be derived from its daily practice, and the opportunity is freely offered to you in the unique Four-Fold Gift Outfit described below. All you have to do is to detach the Free Coupon and post as directed thereon, with 4d. stamps to cover cost of packing and return postage of the parcel to your door—no matter where you live.

HERE IS THE 4-FOLD GIFT.

1. **A Bottle of "Harlene", the true Liquid Food and tonic for the Hair.**
2. **A Packet of the marvellous Hair and scalp-cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."**
3. **A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is "dry."**
4. **A copy of the new edition of the "Hair Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions for this beneficial toilet exercise.**

TWO MINUTES A DAY.

This is all the time you need devote to Harlene Hair-Drill. The Free Outfit, which will last you 7 days, will prove this to you, and also bring about a wonderful improvement in the general well-being and appearance of your hair.

HARLENE MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Write in the first place for one of the 1,000,000 "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits, and prove its efficacy for yourself free of personal expense. Send only four penny stamps to cover cost of postage and packing.

You can always obtain further supplies of any of the preparations from your local chemist: "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle. Solidified Harlene, for soldiers, sailors, travellers, etc., in tins at 2s. 9d., with full directions. "Cremex" Shampoo powders at 1s. 1½d. per box of 7 shampoos (single packets 2d. each); "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. and 2s. 6d. per bottle. If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, any or all of these preparations will be sent to you post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

When your hair is attacked by scurf, dandruff, over-greasiness, and begins to fall out, and becomes brittle, thin and weak, it needs the beneficial treatment of Harlene Hair Drill to give new health and strength to the impoverished hair follicles. Harlene Hair Drill ensures new growth and gives a permanent gloss and lustre to the hair. Send for a free trial outfit to-day.

FREE GIFT OUTFIT COUPON

Detach and post to **EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.**

Dear Sirs.—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

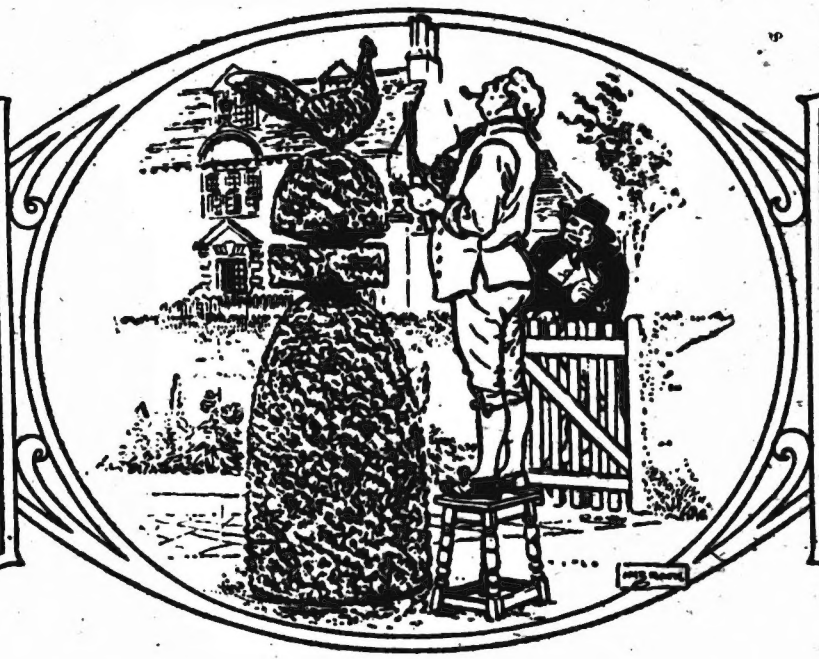
NOTE TO READER:

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it and post as directed above. Mark envelope "Sample Dept."

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 15.

Not "Blue Black" but "Stephens' Blue Black" there's all the difference

Player's "Country Life"



Tobacco

MILD and MEDIUM STRENGTHS

PER 8½d OZ.

2/10

PER ¼-LB. TIN

Cigarettes

PINK PACKET

10 for 4½d

BLUE PACKET

10 for 4d

Tobacco & Cigarettes.

These Cigarettes (and Tobaccos) are also supplied at DUTY FREE RATES for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to Wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital. Terms and particulars on application to JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

P713

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 15.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXII. No. 602. Week ending Saturday, December 15th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Peace Talk.

Whatever you may be told, take it from us that peace is very much in the air. Those "chills" and "colds" and other things which prevented certain Ministers from fulfilling public engagements last week were not without significance.

Watch Asquith.

We have frequently told you that Mr. Asquith is by no means an extinct volcano. Keep your eye on his political movements. His friends are all smiling just now.

Another Double.

Sir Eric Geddes tells us that he, too, is constantly being mistaken for us. We really must cultivate a moustache!

We beg to Ask——

Whether, and to what extent, Ministers of the Crown are taking a portion of their "pooled" salaries in War Stock?

Ramsay.

And may we now have an answer to our question whether Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was recently offered a post in the Government?

Babtie.

And is Surgeon-General Babtie still tampering with the health of our troops in Italy?

What a Tale!

The *Saturday Review*, apropos of the recent death of Mr. T. E. Kebbel, a political journalist of the dull old days, bemoans the fact that we have fallen on times when "the greatest journalist of all is Mr. Horatio Bottomley." But the *Saturday Review* has had a bit of a fall itself, when we come to think of it.

Sub-Editor Wanted.

Notice in carriages of the Highland Railway: "Passengers are requested not to throw out *at* the window empty bottles, etc. Ditto in carriages of most lines: "The lights will be extinguished in case of threatened attack by hostile aircraft, *and thereafter no lights may be exhibited.*" Thus you get coco-nut shying prohibited and an edict of eternal darkness!

"Carefully Watched."

According to the Postmaster-General, there is a naturalised German in charge of the post office in Clifton Road, Maida Vale. "There are no grounds for doubting his loyalty." But can't we find pure Britons for these jobs, particularly as Mr. Illingworth admits that all "naturalised or unnaturalised" Germans in the postal service are being "carefully watched"? Why watch them? Chase them out!

A Telephone Mem.

Looking in the "Telephone Directory" the other day, we struck pages 671 and 672. Have a look at them.

Y.M.C.A.

We are fully conscious of the good war work done by this body—but isn't £50,000 a bit stiff for the expenses of the Headquarters administration?

Our Latest Name.

We are given various names—the latest being "Labouchere *religioso.*" Isn't our dear brother confusing Labby with his parliamentary colleague, Bradlaugh?

Two Villains.

Have you seen the photos in the picture papers of Lenin and Trotsky? If you have, can you doubt that these German-bred ruffians have dirty work on hand?

Those Enemy Princes.

And so the Bill has—at last—received the Royal Assent and has now gone to a Committee of the Privy Council for administration! Let us hope that none of the German-born members of the Council are on that Committee.

"Comrades of the Great War."

Aren't we having rather too many of these Associations to help the discharged soldier? In any case, we are not impressed with the genesis and methods of this latest scheme.

Oblivion.

The readers of *Common Sense* are asked to "recollect the Bonar Law—Beaverbrook—Bottomley—Northcliffe Combination, which after the Roumanian disaster brought down the old Cabinet." We are thinking hard, but can't recall it.

"Is JOHN BULL a Rag?"

Our Egyptian mail brings us newspaper reports of a debate, at one of the largest military camps at Gabbari, on the interesting question which heads this paragraph. And this is how the report concludes: "It was no surprise to find an overwhelming majority of hands held up" for the negative of that proposition.

A Discovery.

According to the *Literary Guide*, in the course of a journey of a "thousand miles in Britain," its representative "here and there met a guileless soul who read JOHN BULL." "Here" and "There" are not on the map, but if our contemporary will tell us for what villages they stand we will send down our man to give the circulation a fillip.

Sign our Free Insurance Coupon on page iii of Cover before the Gothas come again.

A Wife of Bath.

The wife, born at Bath, of an alien, is said by members of the Bath Guardians to show such pronounced German sympathies that she ought to be interned. So the Board increased her allowance from 17s. to 19s. Now, if the widow of a British soldier-man——? Perhaps we had better leave it there, before we say too much.

Death in Chivalry.

From a local paper: "Killed in Action, Nov. 4th.—Killed by a shell while carrying a wounded German officer on the West Front, Private Henry Wilmott Castle, Medical Unit, R.N.D., elder son of the Rev. and Mrs. T. Brain Castle, Oldham, and grandson of the sainted Henry Wilmott, of Bristol, in his 22nd year." One wonders whether the Germhuns can produce a battle record as chivalrous as that!

The Cranks at Work.

It is announced that the Home Office "will consider the advisability of releasing Conscientious Objectors who have worked well for twelve months," while "the case of those who have been in prison for two years will also be reconsidered." If the Home Office has any regard for the opinions—and the feelings—of the Men who have "worked well" for three years and are still at it, second thoughts may induce it to proceed no further.

The Complete Object.

Take the case of an Object who told the Tribunal he would not interfere if Germans were cutting his mother to pieces. His father supported him, and, because his mother did not, has beaten her till she was exhausted, while the Object looked on. She has another son, who joined up at 17. When he came home on leave, his life was made unbearable by the father and the Object, who pose as "Christians." Will the people who are petitioning for Conchies to be pardoned consider what would happen were such things sent home?

Mementoes of the Lost.

He was a corporal in the D.C.L.I., wounded in action last April, and breathed his last on the way to hospital. The only word his father received was the usual official intimation. But after 27 weeks' persistence he has obtained what purports to be his boy's effects. Alas, everything of value is missing—the remainder is a bundle of some other poor fellow's property. Mistakes must inevitably occur, but it should surely be easy to docket properly the things that are saved.

For the Dutch.

In a circular sent out to their customers, a British firm asserts that they have to restrict supplies of margarine through having to work half-time on account of shortage of materials. "The shortage of materials," they add, "is largely due to the action of the Government in diverting to Holland supplies of fats which should have been apportioned to margarine manufacturers in this country." Which all goes to show that, 'twixt us and the Dutch, we get far too little and they get too much.

Law for Ladies.

The Mayor of Preston had before him a woman charged with stealing a fur, a skirt, and some stockings. She is 25 and married, but her lawyer described her as "almost a girl," who "did not realise what she was doing." As it was her first offence, the Mayor bound her over on probation. We do not complain of the decision, but we do marvel at his candid hint that she might have gone to gaol "if she had been in a humbler walk of life." "One law for the rich and another for the poor" has seldom been so brutally and bluntly proclaimed.

No Profiteering.

According to Lord Rhondda's leaflet, there is now little or no profiteering. When, it would be interesting to know, did it cease? We ask the question because quite recently we have had before us wrappings of 1s. 4d. tea labelled up to 4s. 6d. per lb. If this isn't profiteering, what is it?

A Boot Ramp.

And what does Lord Rhondda call this? "I went to a large boot store branch in Piccadilly, Manchester," says "Indignant," writing from Weaste, "for a pair of boots. I purchased a pair and paid 25s. On arriving home I found three prices on them; 14s. 6d., marked on the sole, crossed out and 16s. 6d. substituted, and then this 16s. 6d. crossed out and 25s. marked on the heel." On our informant returning with the boots, the Manager said she could have her money back, but in that case he would put them into the window and mark them up to 30s. What a game it is!

The Hun's Christmas.

It will do your heart good to know that the dear Hun prisoners at Bishop-Lydeard will not go without Christmas pudding. According to what we are told, currants, sultanas, lard and lemon peel, together with tinned fruit and vinegar, have been specially ordered for them from Bridgwater. The vinegar, no doubt, will suit the sour Hun. Meanwhile, there is no Christmas fruit for many of *us*.

Inspiration.

We don't know whose was the first inspiration, but it is evident that the firms who are offering those big prizes to purchasers of War Loan bought at the shops give a free object lesson and test to the Government as to the probable success of Premium Bonds. It is said, for instance, that one firm received £25,000 in three hours. A Government issue of Premium Bonds—as we have so often pointed out—would bring in all the money we want.

The Difference.

We make two short quotations from two Welsh papers, both published on Nov. 23rd—(1) "The funeral of a German prisoner of war at the Port Talbot Internment Camp took place yesterday, with military honours." (2) "Owing to soldiers not being available at Port Talbot, it is regretted that the firing party was unable to attend the funeral of Pte. A. J. Board, K.L.R., on Thursday." You notice that they managed to find soldiers for the Hun's funeral.

A Queer Taste.

The Quakers at Kingston-on-Thames have been colloquing, and in the report of their Adult School, in Eden Street, they speak of the "real pleasure" they had in entertaining German visitors between 1911 and July, 1914. They, like many other people, knew no better in the past, and we would willingly forgive the sins so committed were the sinners now repentant. But they write, "May the friendships made on these exchange visits be renewed before long." Strange how the Quaker *will* persist in parading his love for the horrible Hun.

A Study In Black.

We don't think Mr. Douglas Sladen takes care of his reputation, when in black-bordered envelopes, he allows to be posted to men who have lost their sons in the war, circulars advertising his spiritualistic novel. "Mr. Sladen," says this precious circular, "is not a communicating spiritualist, but he has been so struck with the conviction, which many of those who have lost relatives in the war feel, that they have succeeded in getting into touch with their dead kinsmen, that he has devoted most of his reading during the past year to the evidence for and against." At the end of the circular is an order form for Mr. Sladen's book, price 6s. The thing is regrettable.

OUR 'XMAS GIFT! Do not delay—Send for yours to-day. See page 13.

A Wrong Selection.

Huddersfield, requiring a Chief Constable, decided to pick one from five selected applicants, the age of the youngest of these strong men being 33 and that of the oldest 38. Had not Huddersfield decency enough to select only men whose age debarred them from a service where all fit men are sorely needed?

Mischievous Leniency.

A measure of severity in the case of Post Office thefts has generally been held justified for the protection of the public; and we certainly think that when a sorting-clerk, for instance, has been guilty of stealing a varied assortment of goods, including comforts for the troops, to bind him over under the Probation Act—as was done at Lurgan the other day—is to carry leniency beyond the limits of public safety.

Keeping Busy.

In the true spirit of patriotism, Mr. William Andrew, a draper and general dealer of Camborne, in Cornwall, put down an acre of potatoes. On a suitable day he got in his crop with the aid of five boys. For this heinous offence the Clerk to the Education Committee had him arraigned before the local Cadis, who took from him 25s. with the utmost rigor of the law. Evidently the Clerk thinks that, if he doesn't keep busy, he won't keep warm.

The Correct Course.

The notion that a farmer is entitled under the Defence of the Realm Act to shoot pheasants damaging his crops, was rudely dispelled at the Burton Coggles Police Court, where Edwin Robinson was charged with "trespassing in pursuit of game" on land in his own occupation. The farmer's proper course, it seems, is to complain to the War Agricultural Committee for the county—after which he will have plenty of time to sit down comfortably and watch the pheasants feed.

An Outrageous Assault.

Cyril John Holland, chemist, of 82, Radford Boulevard, Nottingham, flying into a temper with his errand boy, took the lad upstairs, ordered him to strip, and flogged him with a cane, an offence for which, after medical evidence of the brutality of the assault, he was fined £2 and costs. The day when grown lads could be treated in this barbarous fashion by bad-tempered employers has gone for ever—as, if he tries the game on again, Mr. Cyril Holland may find to his heavier cost.

Ambulance or Black Maria.

The police at Liverpool have such a peculiar view of the proper work of a Police Ambulance car that they have used it to facilitate and disguise raids upon alleged betting clubs, and have also used it to convey their captives to the Bridewell. By good fate, there was no call for the car's usual errand of mercy while it was being desecrated as camouflage in a club raid. Yet it is time for vigorous protest when an ambulance, the emblem of help, is turned into a Black Maria.

R.S.V.P.

Copy of special invitation from the Ministry of Food: "A demonstration of thirty-four ways in which potatoes may be used otherwise than as vegetables will be given to journalists only at Grosvenor House on Thursday next, Dec. 6th, at 11.30 a.m., when the presence of your representative will be esteemed." At present, we are busy considering 134 ways in which the Food Controller hasn't cooked the profiteers, so we were not there.

The Army and the "Workers."

"Can you say," demands a reader, "why Army deserters are shot when caught, and deserters at Coventry are allowed to draw ten times their wage and not be shot when caught?" The remedy is to put all munition workers into khaki and make them amenable to Military Law.

Cold for Conchies.

Knutsford is proud because it has not produced a single Conscientious Object—nor a married one. It is all the more indignant that hundreds of them are being dumped on the town. They dwell at the Gaol, and have raised over £200 for a canteen—but the dear creatures cannot find a local tradesman willing to stock it. Ready money is refused from an Object whenever he can be identified, and, altogether, Knutsford seems to have given them a very cold welcome, well deserved.

A Near Thing.

It seems that the inmates of Cardiff Workhouse got their Christmas beer only by the skin of their teeth. Mrs. J. G. Grant, one of the Guardians, was half a minute too late to vote against it; Archdeacon Buckley, the Chairman, says he would have supported the lady; Mr. F. J. Beavan, the Vice-Chairman, says he would have done ditto—and, as the original majority would thus have been reduced from 8 to 6, without taking any account of wobbling, it is evident said inmates may consider themselves in luck, especially as this is "the first time for many years beer has been allowed in the Workhouse." May they enjoy the foaming draught.

The Irish Amnesty.

Now that a general amnesty has been granted to the Sinn Fein prisoners, it is argued that similar clemency should be extended to Captain Bowen-Colthurst, who, unnerved by the Rebellion, ordered, upon his own responsibility, the shooting of Mr. Sheehy Skeffington, being afterwards found insane and committed to the Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum. In view of Captain Colthurst's excellent military record, and having regard to the general circumstances of the case, we are inclined to support this view—subject to due inquiry as to the man's sanity, which is said to be completely restored.

Beer and Brewers.

We are asked by interested parties to give publicity to the fact that the shortage of beer is causing discontent and unrest among the workers. That is undoubtedly true. It is also, however, undoubtedly true that the brewers and the publicans are not giving the workers their proper share of the beer there is, at the prices they are entitled to receive it. On the contrary, there is ample evidence that many are profiteering without scruple. We have very little belief that even if another million barrels were licensed for the current quarter, the workers would get the benefit of the supply.

Nicey Icy Icy.

"Here's a pretty state of things, a pretty-how-d'you do," as they say in the "Mikado." A Worthing ice-cream vendor has had the audacity to apply for 11 cwt. of sugar, and "the Food Commissioner is very sorry, but the man is entitled to the allowance under the Regulations, and consequently it must be granted." And this, mark you, in December, with women and children queuing for hours at the shop doors, only to be sent empty away. A regulation under which a hokey-pokey man can claim 11 cwt. of sugar in such times as these, is clear evidence of the flagrant inadequacy of our Food Control. It is a wrong and it is rotten. Lunatics have probably conceived it, and we shall assuredly be lunatics if we continue to suffer it.

£250 waiting for you. See page 16.

MR. ATKINS IN ITALY.

INVASION'S HORRORS AND SOLDIERS' RESOLUTION—THE METTLE OF OUR MEN.

BY OUR SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT, A. G. HALES.

HERE on the historic soil of Italy, moving swiftly to the battle-front—where, please God, I shall be long ere this comes beneath the eyes of JOHN BULL readers—I am able to realise the magnitude of the sacrifice Italy has made, and is making, in the cause of the world's freedom. Her people have felt, and are feeling, the iron heel of the invader, and I am seeing on Roman soil the same sights that I saw in Northern France in the early days of the war, and in Belgium after the fateful fall of Antwerp—sights that you would have seen in Britain had it not been for the splendour of our army and the majesty and might of our Navy. Thank the living God every hour of every day for those grim wardens of your hearths and homes; and those of you whose dear ones have paid the debt in full and accomplished the great sacrifice, dry your eyes and lift your heads proudly, for your lost loved ones have not died in vain. When the Huns stormed through Cadorna's lines like a flood, and swept on towards Venice, they thought they had Italy beaten—just as they fancied France was at their mercy when they were knocking at the gates of Paris. Do you remember how I wrote in this journal at the time: "Italy is *not beaten*—she will rise strong to endure, terrible to avenge"? Those words were prophetic. Italy *has* risen; the nation has been welded into one solid mass.

The Realism of Invasion.

Ship your craven-hearted Pacifists over here. Let them see the poor hard-working peasants streaming into Turin, Mantua, Vicenza, Verona, Padua, or any of the other world-renowned cities that history has made immortal—and when they have witnessed the woe of the homeless poor, let them for ever hold their peace whilst better men fight for them. I have not yet had time to see what the Huns have done to the homes, but I have seen the fugitives—old men bowed with the weight of years and of toil; old women with feet halting upon the threshold of the grave; women in the prime of life with unborn babes beneath their hearts, and little children clinging to mud-stained skirts. It is an old story—old as Hun history. The sight of peasants fleeing for sanctuary is no new sight to me; but, hardened as I am, it makes my blood boil to watch these homeless ones trailing the tattered barrenness of their misery under the wintry skies. Everyone is kind; everyone is helpful to them—but their eyes are heavy with unshed tears, their faces wan with woe, for they have lost their *all*. Shall there be no vengeance for all this? Shall the Hun mock at God and man, and sweep like a destroying angel wheresoever he listeth, and at his own pleasure cry "Enough; let us sheathe the sword"? The Pacifists in their marrowless way may say, "Yea, let it be so," but the soldiers have another and a sterner answer. I watch little groups of British warriors gazing at the tattered streams of humanity; I note their frowning brows and clenched hands; I listen to their words one to the other, and I know that many a peasant-home will be well avenged when it comes to the crossing of steel. For in all the earth there is no purer-hearted human creature than the British Tommy; he thinks of the home he has left behind him—of the mother, wife or child—and the woman, the child, and the home is the one touch of nature that makes him feel akin to these homeless ones.

The Mettle of our Men.

There are all kinds of soldiers in this cosmopolitan country, but none is more beloved than ours—not even the son of the soil—and they deserve all the goodwill lavished upon them. Atkins doesn't talk much about the war—"Thank God, we're goin' to get Fritz in the open at last," about sums up his eloquence, and he means it. He has boundless faith in himself and in his leaders, so he has no sentiment to waste on the enemy—for Tommy has heard all about the bombing of British towns and the shambling of British women and children, and in unmistakable—and often unprintable—language he wants to know when a German city across the Rhine is to be laid in ruins by our airmen. Tommy is no plaster saint, and I am not going to pin any haloes on him; but he's the biggest-hearted, uncomplaining, happy-go-lucky, take-it-as-it-comes bunch of humanity that ever got into trousers—or kilts. He simply loathes you if you suggest he's a hero—and yet, if he's not, where in the name of all that's wonderful can you find heroes? Sometimes he's well-educated and well-bred; sometimes he drops his "h's" about the place and picks his grammar up backwards—but so far as I've seen, he's a man every inch of him, and a credit to the country that bred him. He does not put his head down a drain or climb a tree when he hears the rustle of a skirt—very few real fighters do—but he respects women and treats them as a man should treat a woman the world over; to him she's a little bit of Heaven, crowned with curls—and it's not a bad idea of Heaven, either. He has a hard and dangerous life—and, upon my soul, I believe he enjoys it; and when once he has got over the routine of it, I don't think he'd be out of it for anything you could offer him. Said a wisp of a Cockney to me yesterday, "Yus, guv'nor, I'd like ter see the missus an' th' kid again. I've been mud-larkin' fer over two crimson years, but I'd like to see Weehenner an' Berlin fust." And that, I think, sums up the Gospel of Atkins on Foreign Service—he longs for home, deep down in his faithful soul, but he doesn't want to go to it until his job is finished.

SALUTING THE SANCTUM SANCTORUM.

COMICAL KOW-TOW NG IN KENNINGTON, KENT.

An important Battalion Order has been issued by Major C. F. Straughan, commanding the 2-1st Cambridgeshire Regiment at Kennington, in Kent. It reads:—"All troops passing the Brigadier's house, 'Sena,' in the Faversham Road, Kennington, to be marched at Attention from the point where the Vicarage Road crosses Faversham Road to where Church Lane joins Faversham Road. This Order is to apply between the hours of Reveille and Tea Parade, and to be literally put into effect at once. The Provost Sergeant will report all cases of non-compliance to the Adjutant at once." The general saluting nuisance is bad enough, but what shall we say when apparently weak-minded martinets ask intelligent soldiers to salute bricks and mortar? By the way, when the Red Cap detects delinquents, what punishment will be dealt out? Shooting, or a touch of the little Brigadier-General's military boot? The saluting mania is rampant in Germany, as we know, but even obsequiousness to passing railway trains is hardly more absurd than Major Shaughan's requirement.

TWO LADY WORKERS.

UNEQUAL DISTRIBUTION OF BADGES AND DISTINCTIONS.

The first lady of whom we write works one day a week at the Red Cross premises in Pall Mall, and has been given a badge to denote her services. She has also been invested publicly with another and more magnificent badge, and she has been awarded the Red Triangle for canteen work at Victoria—one night a week, and not always that. The second lady under notice was sent to Shotley for nursing on the day after war broke out, being probably the first Red Cross called out. She has also nursed at several hospitals abroad, continuing till her health gave way. Also, on 6th August, 1914, she turned her house into a depot for a working party, and has supplied the Red Cross with thousands of garments for hospitals. Luncheon and tea is given gratis to all workers, and the scheme is still carried on by her to-day. Surely—although she makes no complaint, merely smiling and "carrying on"—a fine, brave soul like that should be asked to accept some recognition when "honours" are distributed, though she begins to feel it as rather a distinction not to possess one.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Chairman and Directors, Great Eastern Railway Co.

GENTLEMEN,—Your promise in 1914 was that "No man who answered the Call should suffer." One of your men answered, served over two years, including Suvla Bay, and is now crippled. The best you have done for him is to send him to a gate-house, four miles' hobble for him, to do twelve hours' daily duty for 14s. weekly; that, even, is 2s. less than other men's pay for similar work. I put it to you that this man is suffering for answering the Call, and I think you will now make life not so hard for him. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. the Bishop of Worcester.

MY LORD,—It is joyful tidings that there is now in hand for the See of Coventry, the creation of which has occupied your attention for eight years, the sum of £45,000, sufficient to give the first Bishop a salary of £2,500 a year, and that "it is hoped to raise another £10,000 for the provision of a Bishop's House and the cost of procuring an Act of Parliament." This ought to win the war if anything will, and on the condition that the new Bishop when appointed will proceed to the Front and lend a hand to wind up the watch on the Rhine, you can put my name down on the subscription list for one shovel-hat, a pair of gaiters, and an apron—in order that his Lordship may fill the part in appropriate habilaments. JOHN BULL.

To the Governors, Secondary School, Todmorden.

DEAR GOV'NORS,—Mr. Crabtree has withdrawn his daughters from your school as a protest against your support of Mr. Farrar, Headmaster and Object. When you demanded school fees, Mr. Crabtree told you: "My daughters have lost their only brother in the war. I desire these children to live their lives in the fullest confidence that their brother died in a noble cause, and I consider Mr. Farrar incapable of doing anything but poison their minds in the entirely opposite sense. I intend to pay nothing, having developed a strong conscientious objection to doing so." A fine letter of a fine father, and I hope other parents will follow his example. JOHN BULL.

To the Secretary, Brook Green Thrift Society, Hammersmith.

SIR,—Though that soldier's widow failed in her action against the Society, in the West London County Court, her moral right to the £5 she claimed is indisputable. She had been a member of your Society for twenty years, and though at her husband's death she was in arrears, she had paid-up by the time she received official notification of his death. On the rule that the Society "only paid out death benefit if at the time of death the money was not in arrear," you repudiated liability. Judge Selfe said it was a hard case; I am inclined to stigmatise it as a dirty get-out—a technical legal plea to sneak away from the strongest moral obligation. The Judge decided "reluctantly" for the Society, but, for my part, I think the law has helped the members to pick that poor woman's pocket. JOHN BULL.

To Brigadier-General Elliot.

DEAR GENERAL,—You will have the profound sympathy of every decent person in the punishment which has been inflicted upon you—a Regular soldier who has seen hard service—because a subordinate officer dealt with a Conscientious Objector in a manner which brought down the censure of the Army Council. You had no knowledge of what was happening, yet you have been removed from your Command and put on half-pay, equivalent to a fine up to the present of £200. No Court of Inquiry was held, and it looks as though you have been made to suffer merely to please the miserable "Conchies" and their friends. JOHN BULL.

To Fred Moore, Farmer, Far Isle Farm, Oxenhope, Yorks.

SIR,—As the Keighley Magistrates the other day put you in gaol for three months, in addition to collecting from you £10 and costs, this letter may possibly not find you until some time after Christmas. I don't know what you'll have for dinner on that auspicious day, but whatever it is you'll deserve it. At a time when bread is precious above all things, you are found giving it to cattle and pigs, as a regular practice, day after day. I am glad to find there are Magistrates in Keighley strong and stern enough to make an example of such men as you. JOHN BULL.

To Baron Bruno von Schroder.

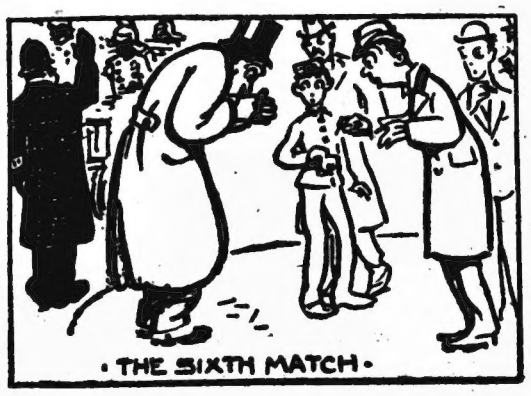
DEAR BARON,—Considering that you were not naturalised until after the declaration of war, don't you think it would be more decent, now that you enjoy the privileges of British citizenship, at least to hide your sentiment for the despicable land of your birth? Yet I find that you are still spending money on Christmas gifts to the German prisoners interned and imprisoned in this country. It is stated by Mr. Macpherson, the Under-Secretary for War, that permission to do so was "originally given by Lord Kitchener." Whether this be true or not, our hero is safely dead, and cannot speak. But I suggest to you that if you are a loyal British subject and have any money to spare, you should spend it on the countrymen of your adoption. JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. Rufus Jones and Son, Web Manufacturers, Attleborough.

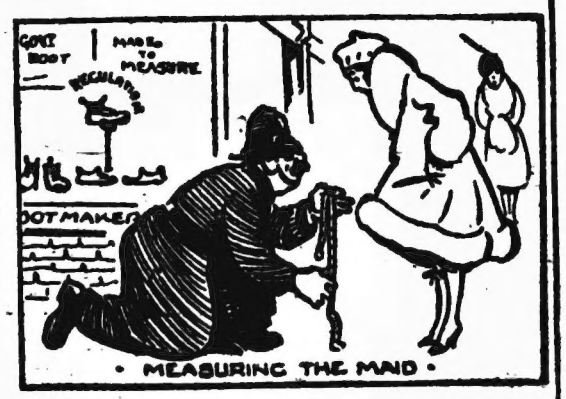
GENTLEMEN,—Because five of your child employees took a half-day off on their own the other day, you dragged them into Court for wrongly absenting themselves from work, and claimed from them £1 damages. Anxious to be fair, I accept your statement that the absence did cause some inconvenience; but if it has the value you place upon it, why don't you pay them decently? It was disclosed in the case of one child that "she got up every morning at 5.30 last week and brought home 5s. 9d. on Saturday"; the maximum she ever earned being 15s. 6d. a week, and this by working for 2¾d. an hour. The Bench "allowed the children to go" on payment of the costs; the question to me is whether, considering the inadequacy of the wages, you ought to be allowed to exploit them for your private profit. JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

For Bill no colony remains but Hell
Since German East to British valour fell.



The smoker's last resource we will reveal—
He now must set his face like flint, and steal!



If on *these* lines a p'leeman's duties run,
His lot—at last—*will* be a happy one!

MY WEEK WITH T

What Beatty Told Me—Coming C

By THE

I AM just back from a special visit to the Grand Fleet—far away in Northern waters; and although there is much in the military situation, as I find it on my return, which calls for comment, I want, first, to say something about the general ideas I have formed as the result of all I have seen and learnt. It has been a great experience, and, coupled with the week I spent on the Western front, has given me a fairly complete conception of the thing—the hideous thing—which we call the war. Happily for our faith in mankind—and I had almost also said, in God—the hideousness is ever and again illumined by flashes of such sublime heroism, of such glorious sacrifice, of such divine nobility, as to make one wonder whether, after all, we are not, unconsciously, witnessing the last upheaval of that primeval barbarism from which—whatever the Churches say—the human race has been evolved—whether, by the only arbitrament yet known to us, we may not be determining, in the Scheme of the Universe, which branch of our race is best qualified to lead us, in the days to come, towards the final milestone on the road of that destiny which, ere this century is run, is to take us to the very Gates of Mystery. But however that may be, the means and the methods are cruel and brutal beyond expression. All the best brains, and all the best labour, of the world are being bent to one supreme purpose—the destruction of life and property. On land and sea, and in the air, there is but one cry—Death and Destruction! Yet how little the country knows, or how little it realises, the stupendous magnitude of this grim and awful thing which the wickedness of Germany and the folly of Britain have brought upon the earth. You may talk about figures—of millions upon millions of men fighting, of millions killed and wounded, of thousands upon thousands of widows and orphans, of thousands of millions of wealth dissipated in smoke—these things convey no definite impression to the mind. You must *see* it—see the war in the working, see it in the waging. And I am being privileged, by degrees, to do that. A week at the Front and a week with the Fleet—and when folk speak of "The War," you know what they mean, even if they don't themselves. Well, I have had both—with facilities for seeing things which have been accorded to few civilians. For that I am indebted to two causes—first, the splendid courtesy of the officers of both Services, from the highest to the most junior; and, secondly—and mainly—to the remarkable bond of sympathy which exists between the boys in the ranks and on the lower decks and myself. "It is really extraordinary how the men believe in you," said a famous Admiral to me the other day, when he asked me to come to his flagship and address a thousand of the crew.

"Another Bob a Day."

It is, of course, very flattering and very gratifying—but it carries with it a great responsibility. In every mess room of the Fleet you see this journal. I asked the "Postmaster" of one ship how many copies he took, and he told me "nearly a thousand." I found one of our articles posted up in the engine-room of a submarine. And in Officers' Ward Rooms as well as in Jack's own quarters I have heard them singing Mark Sheridan's song—"Mr. Bottomley, John Bull." I saw the paper all over France and Flanders; boys carried it on the march; it is on the walls of the trenches and the dug-outs; it is fastened to trees; it is at the side of nearly every bed in hospital. One of our best-known battleships—perhaps the best known—I found making a rare fuss over a cockatoo mascot which was secured through our columns; whilst I am sending two of my mastiffs as mascots to other ships. And so, during this visit to the Fleet the boys have simply overwhelmed me with their trust. They have confided to me their grievances—God bless them, how little they complain!—and, for that matter, so have the officers. And they have told me many things they thought I ought to know. By the way, I can't get out of my ears the refrain of a song, the tune of which was played by the band as one ship's company was doing its half-hour's doubling, walking, and running exercise on deck. It was Robey's song—"Another little drink wouldn't do us any harm"; but Jack's rendering of the chorus, as he doubled past me, with a significant smile, was—"Another bob a day wouldn't do us any harm"! And why on earth shouldn't he have it? Don't tell me, Mr. Exchequer, you can't afford it. If you haven't the money, make an issue of Premium Bonds, and you will get more than you will know what to do with. And why shouldn't he have a glass of beer with his supper? I'm told he isn't to have it even with his Christmas dinner. What-rot! Can you wonder that when on leave he "breaks out" a bit? And the food. What's the use of sevenpence a day, at present prices? *Give* him—not *sell* him—all the little dainties of which he is so fond; and let the civilians go without. Eggs, bacon, cheese and jam galore should be included in his rations—and everything he *has* to buy at the Canteen *should* be sold at cost price. Yes, Jack, I'll do what I can for you. God knows, you deserve it!

Officers' Grievances.

But we must not forget the officers. What grand men they are—clean of mind as of body, exuding from every pore a freshness and honesty of outlook which come as a purifying breeze upon the vitiated air of town life and temperament. Take Beatty. As I sat at his side at mess and listened to the modesty and charm of his talk, and studied the unconscious assertion of his power, I was greatly reminded of Haig. I am no sycophant and no time-server, but I shall want a lot of convincing that in these two men we have not secured the right leaders to conduct the war for us. I should like to mention other officers—especially the fine type of English gentleman and British sailor who acted as my immediate host—but by giving names you locate ships and Commands. I should like to tell you of the unassuming pride with which more than one Admiral pointed to the shell-damaged articles of furniture—and

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THE GRAND FLEET.

Great Naval Battle—Honest Haig.

EDITOR.

in one case the damaged portrait of his wife in his cabin—or to the places in the walls where the German shells went through at Jutland and elsewhere. And I should like to speak, too, of the officers of lower rank—Commanders, Paymasters, Engineers, Surgeons, Lieutenants, and all the others of the Ward Room; and also of the Midshipmen, splendid young chaps from the public schools, mostly; of the Petty Officers, the Yeomen of Signals, and I know not how many more. But even officers have their troubles, and one which tries them sorely is the need of better pay and of Separation Allowance. Unless possessed of private means, the officer finds his pay quite inadequate, especially if he happens to be married. Why *shouldn't* there be Separation Allowances for officers? It is a petty, cheeseparing policy—and I took advantage, in conversation with Sir Eric Geddes, whom I was fortunate enough to come across (he was making a flying visit to Sir David Beatty), to press this and other grievances of the Service upon him. And I am bound to say that I found him most sympathetic. I confess that, with all my enthusiasm for Business Government, I had entertained some doubt as to the wisdom of the appointment of a railway administrator to the post of First Lord of the Admiralty; but having talked for an hour with the man himself, and gathered his ideas as to the scope of his duties, I shall certainly watch the experiment with more confidence.

What Beatty Told Me.

So much for some general impressions, and a few special items—which I have brought together as being of particular interest to the great public which JOHN BULL serves. Now let me say something about the general *moral* of the Fleet, its hopes and its expectations. But, first of all, in view of the misunderstanding which arose in connection with my military impressions, let me here make it quite clear, at the outset, that I am expressing no opinions and making no prophecies of my own. What I say I base upon what was said to me—in conversations with the Commander-in-Chief, with Admirals and Captains, with Senior and Junior officers—and with the men. But I try to assimilate it into one compact picture. I cannot tell you many of the things I heard or of many of the things I saw. I must not mention ships or officers; I must not even tell you how many vessels are at the Base; I must not tell you the sizes and calibres of our latest guns, or of our submarines and seaplanes—or at what rate we are producing them. But I *may* say that somewhere up in the Northern seas is congregated a mighty battle fleet—covering, perhaps, a hundred square miles of water. They are the last word in battleships, and equipment; *and every unit* is ready to clear for action at a few moments' notice. Moreover, *it is impossible for Beatty to be taken by surprise.* Will there be a fight? Yes, in the opinion of the High Command, there *will*. It was impressed upon me that no nation in all history ever forged a great war weapon which she did not use; and, further, that if Germany does not use her fleet before the war ends, she will be unable to persuade her people to maintain further a futile weapon. The case of Russia, *without* the pressure of public opinion at home, sending her fleet to fight Japan, was instanced as a good example of the truth of the historical dictum I have quoted. When the fight does come, is there any atom of doubt about the result? "Divil a bit!" We can bring up two ships for every one of the enemy's, and our guns and gunners are superior to his. But there is always the danger of the attack being led by a huge fleet of submarines—and therein lies the *only* element of risk to our Fleet. But, on the other hand, *we* should be preceded by a mighty fleet of destroyers, and though we might lose a number of them, the way would be cleared for the first-class battleships. Is there any means of forcing a battle? Not at present. The idea of bombarding Heligoland, and similar schemes, are impracticable—our policy is, and must be, to wait and watch, ever ready for the "Day," or the Night, when the Kaiser will be driven to the necessity of sending out his fleet—and we shall then go and meet it, and annihilate it. And now I think I have told you enough for one week.

Honest Haig.

A word about the West. I confess I was a little shocked on seeing the papers once more—we get them days old, out at sea—to read about that withdrawal at Bourlon Wood. But, on reflection, and *on reference to certain notes*, I have come to the conclusion that in the first rush of victory the Byng Boys went a little too far. And Haig, like the honest General he is, has recognised the fact and given up a salient the preservation of which *at the moment* would have involved an unnecessary sacrifice of life. And that is not Haig's way. Italy may have a bad time, but we must hope that a second Marne is in store for Germany. I am not going to prophesy—because I haven't been to the Italian Front and consulted Plumer. The Russian situation is rotten and farcical. Imagine these "Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates" sitting down in solemn conclave at a Peace Conference with the wily Hun! And it wouldn't do to "square" them all. Another lot would turn up the next day and the game be given away! No, it is up to *us* to stop Russia's nonsense—with the aid of Japan. Don't, in Heaven's name, let us be Too Late here again. Russia should be forbidden to resume peace talk with Germany; and Sweden, as I said last week, should be told to stop her nonsense of acting as mediator. We must set our teeth and resolve to see this thing right through. It may be—and I have reason to believe it is—the case that, to save Italy, we have called away more of Haig's men than he could spare if he was to carry through his winter plans, and that this fact, coupled with the release of large numbers of German soldiers from the Russian Front, may prolong his campaign till the American reinforcements arrive. But that will not be long—and there is no reason to worry. If you really feel depressed, you should get leave for a trip to the Fleet. It is the best tonic in the world. And I feel it in my bones and my blood. With the memories of Jack and of Tommy in my heart, I am indeed an optimist. Hurry up, America, for the knock-out blow!

ANOTHER TROOP-TRAIN SCANDAL.

DISGUSTING AND DEGRADING CONDITIONS FOR OUR SOLDIERS.

We all remember the Karachi tragedy, when a number of poor fellows died through the criminal neglect of the authorities—and now we have before us a case almost as bad. What adds to the enormity of the official offence is that the victims were all sergeants—men from 42 to 60, who had volunteered their services, and were being invalided to England. First of all, they were put into native trucks, well calculated to degrade them in the eyes of the coolies, when they were by rank entitled to second-class and at any rate should have been found accommodation in European "thirds." But let one of the N.C.O.s tell his own tale, and, let us add, he wrote on behalf of 14 other sergeants who appended their signatures:—"The majority of us had to march to the station (three miles) in the hot sun. After a long wait on the platform we entrained and started at 4.30 p.m. for Bombay. We were provided with third-class accommodation in the same carriages as are allotted to natives. The carriage which I and thirteen other sergeants occupied was in a most filthy condition, and could not have been cleaned for a long time. It was not fit for a pig to enter. The w.c. was in the middle of the carriage, and owing to the filth and stench therefrom it was quite unapproachable. There was no seat, but a hole in the floor about six inches in diameter. During the day, when windows should be closed to keep out the sun, they had to be kept open on account of the stench. I became very sick myself and unconscious, and have been feverish ever since. The Medical Officer in charge of the train could not be found for hours, and was eventually discovered at the farthest end of the train from us. Not a single bottle of soda-water was issued to us during the whole journey, neither could we purchase any at the stations en route. At Poonah I tried to get some hot water, but was informed by the Station-master that we could only have it on payment. However, we obtained some at another station 1½ hours later. This was about 8 p.m. We reached Bombay at 2 a.m. after being in the train 34 hours, and marched to a hospital shed for the night. No food or even coffee had been provided for us, and none of us got any breakfast before 11 a.m., and some not until past 12 mid-day. I have been ill ever since, as also has one of the other sergeants, and I trust you will use your best endeavours to place this serious matter before the authorities." If anything could add to the sadness and tragedy of such gross neglect, it is that the man who wrote the above died within a month! Men who are ready to give their lives for their country are not prepared to remain silent under disgusting and degrading insults. The authorities do their best to hide up these scandals, and it is our business to bring them into the light of day.

A MUNICIPAL POOH-BAH.

VARIEGATED DUTIES OF AN AGED OFFICIAL.

In many respects, it is no more than the strict truth to describe the town of Grantham as a "rotten borough," and—as the advertisements say—there's a reason. In many ways, the town is subject to one-man control. This one man, Mr. A. H. Malim, Town Clerk of Grantham—to name only one of his many offices—is in his 70th year, and so feeble that he has to be pushed to and from his business in a bath-chair. Yet, according to the latest Law List, this infirm old man, in addition to holding such an important executive post as Town Clerk of Grantham, is Clerk to the Borough Magistrates, Clerk to the Guardians, Superintendent Registrar, Clerk to the Rural District Council of Belvoir, Borough Coroner, Clerk to the Commissionirs of Sewers, and Clerk to Charitable Trusts. The local Directory supplements this amazing catalogue. In addition to the offices already named, Mr. Malim is Clerk to the Urban Sanitary Authority, Clerk to the Corporation Farm and to the Technical Institute Committee, and takes part in such War Work as Agriculture, Food Control, and Military Tribunal; also he is still in private practice as a Solicitor and a Commissioner for Oaths. The results of this preposterous pluralism, coupled with Mr. Malim's infirmities, cannot but be most detrimental to the interests of the town. Our present purpose is to insist that Grantham's septuagenarian Pooh-Bah should at least make a selection from his variegated offices.

CABINET AND CONTRACTOR.

A PERTINENT QUERY ANENT A HUTMENT SCANDAL.

"Is this man McAlpine a relative of any Cabinet Minister?" That question, put in the House of Commons, demands a reply, and we will give our reasons for the statement. No less a sum than £85,550 has been spent in erecting huts for miners in Cleveland, and at the time of writing those huts, built at a cost of £40 per man, are unoccupied. What is more, they have been constructed by Messrs. Robert McAlpine and Sons, of Central Buildings, Westminster, on a contract given without any attempt to put the work out to tender. And, what is still more pertinent, the contract was let on a "time and material" basis with profit on cost, part of which was 4 per cent. and part 3 per cent. It would occur to the meanest intelligence that the quickest way to waste money is so to arrange things that the more a contractor spends on Government work the more he puts into his own pocket. It has been stated that the drawings of these huts were supplied to the contractor, and that his permanent staff was already in Government employ; yet this exorbitant 4 per cent. is paid. When the representative of the Minister of Munitions, Mr. Kellaway, was first questioned in the House on the subject, he evaded the allegation that the £85,550 had been spent without a single person having occupied these huts. He even went further and tried to bolster up the scandal by suggesting that the men who were living in the huts had "contributed to the increase in the output of iron ore which had been secured." All lies; all a Ministerial fairy tale!—which brings us back to the unanswered question, "Is the man McAlpine a relative of any Cabinet Minister?" That query was put directly to the Department in the House of Commons, and it cannot remain unanswered. But, be the suggestion true or false, it is a gross scandal to waste the public money in this wanton way; to pay through the nose for work on the ground that "it was absolutely necessary they should be ready at the earliest possible moment," and then to find that each one of these huts for 2,760 men remains idle, while a Minister of the Crown is put up in Parliament to deceive the House of Commons and hoodwink the public!

SPOILING THE RED CROSS.

INCONSIDERATE ACTION & SENSELESS PERSECUTION AT EPSOM.

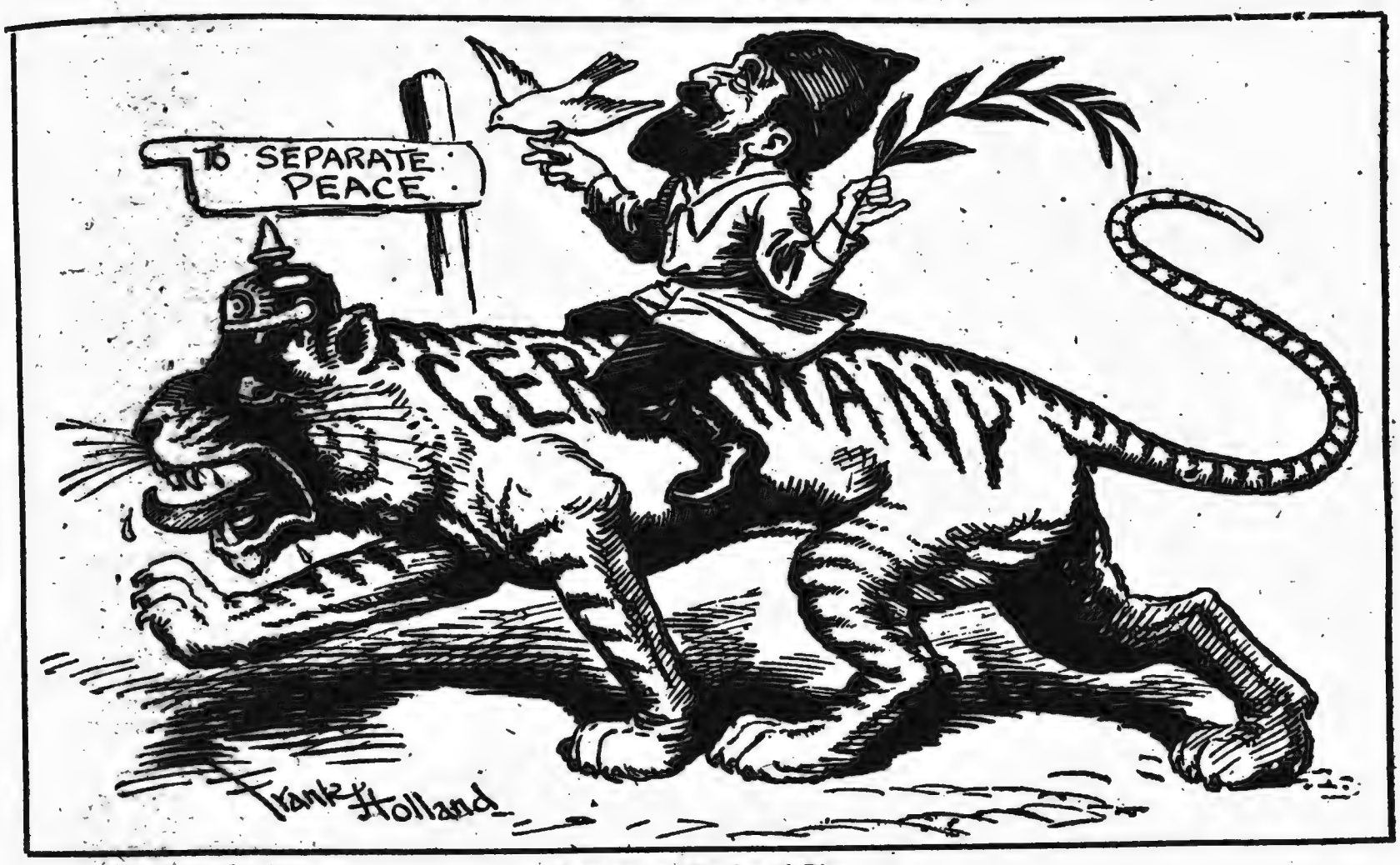
Owing to the sudden call to many Epsom ladies to help in London, it was necessary to postpone the local "Our Day" collection, and the fresh date was duly advertised. Then when the Day came, and the flags were selling, some interfering nuisance of an official discovered that Scotland Yard had not given a formal Permit for a street collection on the altered date, and by midday all the sellers and all the flags were called in. As if that were not sufficient persecution of the Red Cross, the young lady Secretary of the Epsom branch received a summons for collecting without permission. Of course the head Organiser, in London, of "Our Day," should have obtained the Permit, but it seems more than stupid to have carried the case to a criminal Court, where it was dismissed on payment of costs—4s. The high Tomfoot of a police official who authorised such a senseless prosecution did a very bad service for the Red Cross, and succeeded only in exposing once again the amazing short-sightedness of some authorities who act like clockwork automatons.

A SHARP AFTER FLATS.

IMPUDENT ATTEMPT AT FRAUD ON "BULLETS" COMPETITORS.

Alva Maitland, 14, Ampthill Square, Hampstead Road, in an impudent circular, expresses "keen disappointment," because you, her "Dear Correspondent," have not already sent her any money. She has been so "successful" that she now proposes to "absolutely secure" a competition prize. For 10s. she will "guarantee to win for you" a First Prize; for 5s. she will let you have a £50 Prize; and for a common or garden half-dollar up will roll £10. Send her the money—if you are flat enough—and she will forward "two efforts weekly," and when you get the "Big Prize Money" you are to pay her 15 per cent. And, says Alva, with supreme cheek, she will never advertise your name as a winner! The humbug is so transparent that we need scarcely dwell upon it.

THE PEACE CRUSADER.



A Peace-loving Russian of Riga
Is out for a ride on a tiger;
They'll return from that ride
With the Russian inside,
And a smile on the face of the Tiger!

AN ANGRY CLERIC.

REVEREND SLANDERER SHIFTS HIS GUNS.

We have not much time to waste upon the Rev. Neville Stiff, of St. Agnes, Southampton, and since he seems to desire it, we are quite ready to handle him with the gloves off. A few weeks ago Stiff let himself go in a series of evil-minded charges and innuendoes against "The Other Sex"—meaning, presumably, the women and girls of Southampton, a town honourably distinguished in the records of women's war-work. At this outburst we protested, as we were bound to do, in the interests of truth and decency, and received a letter of reply. Seeing that this rejoinder was very little to the purpose, and covered five sheets of notepaper, Stiff was quite safe in assuring his parishioners, through the columns of a local journal, that we were "not likely to publish it"—to which we may add, on our own account, that it is not our practice to give free advertisements to mountebank pulpiteers. However, when Mr. Neville Stiff goes on to wonder "who earned a dirty half-crown" by furnishing us with particulars of his excursions in slander, he merely sets us wondering in our turn how so much dirt and nastiness can be packed into so small a mind. Evidently, Stiff resents criticism. It spoils his plans and upsets his little hobbies. A disquisition on "The Other Sex"—dealing with such subjects as "prostitution," "erotic cravings," and the like, besprinkled with references to "short skirts," "low blouses," "glaring stockings," etc., etc.—was, as he may have thought, well calculated to relieve the drab monotony of his parish magazine and to boom the circulation. Unfortunately for Mr. Stiff, we have given his little exercise in low-class journalism a wider publicity than he wished or expected; and now, of course, he is angry and abusive after his coarse fashion, and can utter nothing better than childish nonsense about "dirty half-crowns." Evidently, we shall have to revise our estimate of Stiff. At first we were inclined to hope that he was merely a fool!

"FRIENDS" AND ENEMIES.

COCOA CRANKS AND GERMHUN PRISONERS.

"In view of the approach of winter—the fourth winter of the War—and the high prices prevailing for the simplest necessaries of life, we earnestly appeal for the continued interest and help of friends." So runs a printed slip attached to the Fifth Report of the Emergency Committee for the Assistance of Germans, Austrians and Hungarians in Distress, and the appeal is enforced with the usual drivel about the duty of kindness to "innocent alien enemies," and other rare types of the genus Hun. The Report gives prominence to the Camps Department, which exists for the purpose of pampering interned Germhuns. "Most of the men," we read, "are interned at Knockaloe, near Peel, in the Isle of Man, and just opposite the main entrance to that huge temporary city may be seen the Friends' Emergency Committee Hut, within which three of our workers are always busy." A later paragraph speaks of certain casualties to the Hun-relievers. "Since the issue of our last Report, we have been deprived of the presence of two of our number, Stephen Hobhouse and Robert O. Mennell, who are both serving their second sentence with hard labour in civil prisons as Conscientious Objectors"—no great recommendation, perhaps, to a patriotic public, but a sore blow to the suffering Huns. However, contributions received during the past year amount to £13,226 7s. 6d. If we had the space, the list of subscribers would repay reproduction; Messrs. Cadbury Brothers, Limited, are again to the fore with a donation of £200, the Rowntrees and Frys being also represented, though on a somewhat less lavish scale. For the rest, the Right Hon. Viscount Haldane is still "good" for £25, while elsewhere in the list, hidden away among the Schusters and the Schrieners, the Schnuriens, and the Schneiders, we find the names of Mr. John Galsworthy, Dr. Alfred Salter, and Sir Algernon Methuen. Since the war began, the total receipts of the Committee amount to £44,864. Happy Huns!

Don't Endure

HEADACHES

Stop them

Quite easily, quite safely and gently, and at trifling cost you can end every head or nerve pain that comes to you—practically as soon as it arrives. Thousands who have been fortunate enough to try Daisy Tablets never suffer from headache or neuralgia now—they know that further pain is unnecessary—that Two Tablets will always—ALWAYS—drive the pain away in two or three minutes.
Daisy Tablets are certainly very wonderful in their quick and certain action, but really there is no mystery about them—they are just a new, concentrated, and highly-convenient form of the world-famous Daisy—a remedy the sales of which show it is curing the country's headaches at the rate of a million a month.

DAISY

TABLETS

Get a box to-day—1s. 3d. at Boots', Taylor's, or the nearest chemist's—and be free from head and nerve pains in future. Daisy Tablets are wonderful in curing "battle headache," and for your friend at the Front there is no more practical gift than a few boxes. Also obtainable post free, at above prices, from—

DAISY, LTD., (Dept. T7) LEEDS.

GIGANTIC SALE.

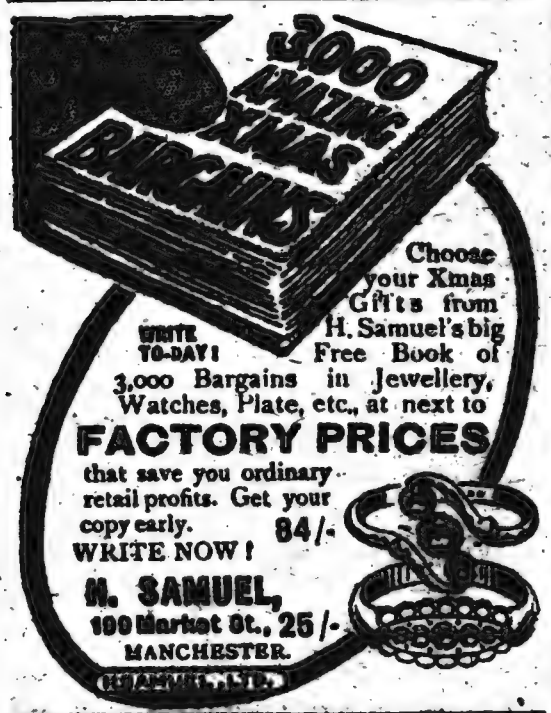
ARMY BOOTS

Special offer to Munition Workers, Railwaymen, Police, Postmen, Miners Dockers, Tram, Bus, Van, and Taxi-Drivers, Gas-workers Gardeners, Farm Hands, and all working men.

ANY SIZE 9/3

Postage and Packing, 9d. Every pair on approval, money back if not satisfied.

GUARANTEED GENUINE GOVERNMENT LEATHER.
Repaired equal to new. Send 10/- note or P.O. (or bother still secure 2 or 3 pairs now before price advances), state size, whether studded or non-studded preferred, to
WHOLESALE ARMY BOOT CO. (Room 3), **43, Leicester Square, London, W.C. 2.**
TRADE AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE
Send Trade Letterhead for Trade Price List.



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Choose your Xmas Gifts from H. Samuel's big Free Book of 3,000 Bargains in Jewellery, Watches, Plate, etc., at next to

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EVICTED AT SEVENTY.

WHAT WILL THE SOLDIER-SON SAY?

Sergeant D. Fraser, of the Canadian Artillery, is out at the Front, trying to evict the Germans from Cambrai. He hopes shortly to come home on leave. Home! Mrs. Fraser, his old mother, is 70 years of age, and home for him and for her for nearly a decade has meant "the house with the tin roof"—a four-roomed cottage in Outram Street, Invergordon, near Inverness. Widow Fraser and a bed-ridden old lady of 90—Widow Macrae—each rented a half of this modest dilapidated dwelling, and sub-let the attics. They always paid their rent, for old Scots-women are a proud folk. But Mr. Thomas Henderson, farmer, of Lower Rarichie, Fearn, was not content. For his own purposes, he wanted these two poor women out. It is nought to him that they are old, that one is bed-ridden, and that the son of the other is fighting at the Front. The Courts (Emergency Powers) Act contains a clause to the effect that if a landlord requires a house for his own occupation he may be given possession. That's Farmer Henderson's opportunity. He applies for and obtains possession on those grounds. His myrmidons use the Order with cynical and brutal disregard of the feelings of the tenants. There was an attempt even to throw out bed-ridden old Widow Macrae. Henderson is, however, baulked, but Widow Fraser is kicked into the street and all her belongings planted in the mud of a rough country road. "I thought it would break my heart when they threw my late husband's boots—he has been dead two years—downstairs," said the poor old creature, with tears in her eyes. Doubtless Henderson is within the law of the land, but he has, anyhow, broken the law of God. He has behaved like a brute to a defenceless old woman, who has given her best to the country's cause. When Sergeant Fraser comes back he will find no home. Perhaps he may have a word to say.

SUICIDE OR THE WORKHOUSE.

NO PASSPORT AND UNABLE TO GET WORK.

A lady, who for obvious reasons does not want her name published, is in dire distress. She is a British-born subject, of French descent. She is married to an English Colonial official, who is still overseas at his duties. The lady until three months ago was in France, where she had been staying with her family since last year. She came to England in September, but was then refused a passport to the Colony. So she seems to be stuck here for the period of the war. Still, there is work for all. Is there? She has tried everywhere. Not a chance! She is young—only 30—she is a well-educated woman, speaks French and English, has passed her Cambridge examinations, and is a laureate of the French Alliance, Gold Medal. No matter! Her brother is a brave French officer who has won the *Croix de Guerre* and the Military Cross, and her husband, as we have said, is a British Colonial official. All that doesn't count. Women's Employment League of National Service—Censor's Bureau—Employment Exchange—Colonial Office, the poor woman "with only a map of the streets and a smile for every bobby" to guide her, trudges wearily from office to office. The best satisfaction she can get is that "if *only she knew German*" she might get a job. Now she is right down on her uppers, and talks of "suicide, or the workhouse." One humorous official advised her to write to the Secretary for the Colonies. Instead of that she has written to JOHN BULL. What does it mean? Are our offices so full of the flapper friends of the "big bugs" that there is no room for a capable woman with such strong claims? Whether they ought to give her a passport to the Colony where her husband is waiting for her we don't know; we know there are reasons against too many women travelling just now by sea. But, as she is forcibly detained here, the authorities should look after her.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY HERALD":—
"Coroner's Suggestion to Avoid Trouble during Dark Nights: . . . Ladies should wear something white. A HANDKERCHIEF was better than NOTHING."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING PRESS":—
"It was a dramatic message . . . which the one-eyed, ONE-LEGGED little Admiral sent to the British Fleet at Trafalgar."

"WORCESTER DAILY TIMES":—
"The Mayor, in a felicitous speech, embellished with several happy touches, then proposed the health of the Chairman. . . . There was no one in the city who would not agree that during the three years Ald. Edwards held the office he had NOT done his duty in every respect.' (Applause.)"

"DAILY MIRROR":—
"Then Pauline said VOICELESSLY: 'Oh, I'm so sorry—don't tell anyone!'"

"BRITISH WORKMAN":—
"Robert Bloomfield and Whittier taught themselves the technique of poetry and PENNED some of their sweetest lays WHEN HAMMERING LEATHER."

"EXPRESS AND STAR" (Wolverhampton):—
"Battalion Orders, by Major F. Carr, commanding 4th Batt. Staffordshire Volunteer Regiment: . . . DRESS: BELT AND BAYONET."

"IDEAS":—
"The Teuton monster of the sea rears up on end and makes its death-plunge STERN FOREMOST, with WHIRLING PROPELLERS CHURNING THE AIR."

"EAST SUFFOLK GAZETTE":—
"Prisoner said, 'I expect I was UP AT THE POLE at the time.' The prisoner was committed for trial ON THIS CHARGE also."

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1915.*

The Ragged Brigade.

The other day we paid a visit to the Remount Depôt at Romsey. Frankly, we have seldom seen such a lot of scarecrows as the fellows there! Out of our eight millions a day, can't we at least clothe the men?

For the War Council.

Recently we entered an emphatic protest against crocks being sent to their death in unhealthy climates. Unfortunately, the War Council seem callous. Now we find that a number of unfit men have been sent from Salisbury Plain to an overseas station without regard to the risk. We think, however, that these cruel expatriations are due more to "want of thought" than "want of heart." Wake up, Whitehall!

Concerning the V.A.D.

There are women, and ladies. We regret to note the number of complaints from our hospitals concerning V.A.D. workers. The bulk are sympathetic and kind, but unfortunately many have slipped in who are vixens, and maze the Tommy they should be out to protect. If the superior authorities do not look into the matter, we shall have to pillory some of the flagrant offenders.

A Dirty Cur.

A short time ago a concert was given in aid of that most deserving of charities, the Red Cross. Some of the wounded boys were present, and during the interval they—following the example of the majority of the male members of the audience—lighted up cigarettes. A swine, wearing the badge of a Captain, jumped up and shouted: "Put those cigarettes out; if I catch another man smoking, I will throw him out!" We want the Army Council to find the pig, and kick him into civil life—although he is not likely to adorn any sphere of human effort.

"W.A.A.C.s."

Queer are some Army rules. In this country, the W.A.A.C.s. may not walk, talk, nor take tea with a private soldier. In France they may associate with privates, but must not speak to an officer. Is that absurd regulation an insult to the girl—or to the officer? The complaints which we have received from these patriotic women are too numerous to deal with.

The Man Who Does It.

We are gratified to note the number of men granted leave now, notwithstanding the "push" and the necessity for filling the huge gaps in Italy. Our Tommies in France and Flanders give praise to a justly exalted personage in the former country; but in fairness we must say that the "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft" is Lord Derby, who is a worthy successor to Lord Kitchener as guardian of the welfare of our troops—of whatever rank. Hats off to him!

Dear Lodgings.

Our special attention is directed to some of the Farnborough landladies. They live in the neighbourhood of the R.F.C. Camp, charging, it is complained, prices for lodgment out of all proportion to the accommodation given to married members of the Corps with a temporary sleeping-out pass. Take, for example, a case the full details of which are before us. The whole place is rented at probably not more than 6s. 6d. or 7s. 6d. a week. For a bed-sitting room a R.F.C. man and his wife paid £1 1s. a week, with light and coal 6d. per scuttle extra; a brother staying with them was charged 10s. for two nights' use of a bedroom. Our informant says charges of this sort are general in the neighbourhood, and he uses language about them which would undoubtedly shock the landlady if she heard it. We confine our own remarks to shrieks of silence.

Rotten Ripon Again.

Once more Ripon Camp! One of our staff was there the other day. It seethes with discontent—and no wonder, when such Orders as this, signed by Capt. Greenwood, are issued:—"All N.C.O.s and men who are cripples, or who walk with the aid of a stick, are not allowed in Ripon." Heavens above! And we British people, at the beginning of the war, shouted the chorus, "We shall miss you, love you—kiss you when you come back again"! Stand by for trouble when the war is over.

Very Christian, Indeed!

Sir Arthur Yapp, in the time he can spare from his Y.M.C.A. work, looks after the needs of the nation. No doubt he is busy, but he might find an opportunity to look into the complaint of some soldier boys who took rooms at the Y.M.C.A. at Reading, and in the morning found that their boots had been purloined. They ask us to warn other Tommies, and we do so, but feel that the caution will be of little avail. Like other similar institutions, the Y.M.C.A. does not appear to care very much what happens to its guests.

The Leave-Breaker.

Will the men who overstay their leave, get their dependents into distress, and have punishment awarded to them, please cease writing to us? Over-staying leave is unsoldierly, is a breach of honour, and postpones the leave of a pal. We are out to right the wrongs of soldiers, but where these leave-breakers are concerned we suggest that the offenders, in addition to their military punishment, should be boycotted by their comrades. They are not soldiers, and are no good. As a rule they are the fellows who are taken by the back of the neck and kicked into the Army, to the Army's cost.

According to Orders.

The men of the Mercantile Marine who come under Naval rule, tell us that they are simply so regarded for discipline—and punishment—deriving no benefit from the status. We pity the poor chaps, but it is a way they have in the Navy, when dealing with those they regard as outsiders

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

A Good Offer.

Remunerative employment was tendered to the wife of one of our Service men. She told us of it, adding that she had not the means to pay the heavy railway fare. We were glad to be able to help her accept it, as she has two children to provide for.

No Surplus for Clothing.

A mother wrote us for help towards buying boots for her little ones, as she finds it takes all her allowance to get the necessary food. One of the children is very delicate and needs special attention, which fact induced us to render assistance.

Twenty-six Years' Service.

An old soldier, with this fine record, is awaiting pension. He is medically unfit; his wife also is delicate, and the burden of the support of the five children is a problem, as the man is unable to work. We helped him as far as the means at our disposal would allow.

A Sad Home-Coming.

A soldier on special leave appealed to us on behalf of his wife, who was lying at the point of death. She naturally required extra nourishment, and was worried by the knowledge that there was a heavy doctor's bill. We therefore came to the rescue.

Religion?

Disgusting treatment was meted out to one of our discharged men. After faithfully fulfilling duties for a certain church, he was discharged with a ridiculous excuse. He now does casual work to eke out the meagre pension he receives. As his wife is unable to earn money, and there is a child to support also, we assisted him.

A Word of Thanks.

Many thanks to the kind senders of the parcels of clothing received during the week. There is a growing demand for all classes of useful articles, which are judiciously distributed.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"An Australian Soldier," £1; "Jonathan," 10s; A. G. S., 3s. 6d.; A. R., 2s.; A. C. (Edinburgh), £1; L. W. K. D., 1s. 6d.; A. W. 1s.; C. H. G., 1s.; J. F., 1s.; Mr. H., 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; F. E. G. H. (Kingston), 2s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; A. C. S. (Ticehurst), 2s. 9d.; Mt. Ngwibi Patriotic Society, £10; "Cider," 1s. 6d.; "Well Wisher," 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s.; Weekly Collection, C. P. S., Woolwich Arsenal, 12s.; E. M. S. (Clifton), £1 1s.; "W.," 10s.; Staff of Army School of Cookery, Gosport (per L. C.), 5s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; British Association of Magallanes (Chile), £21; "Small Helper" (Grimsby), 1s.; M. B. (Wellingborough), 1s.; Collected at the "Greyhound Inn," Luton (per W. D.), 12s. 6d.; Mrs. M. R., 1s. 3d.; A. T. (Holbeck), 5s.; N. P. (Sheffield), 1s.; E. T. W. (Plymouth), 6s.; "6459," 1s.; E. M. P. (Resolis), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. I. W. (Southfields), 1s.; "Lest We Forget," 1s.; "A Contemptible," 5s.; "Buster," 2s. 6d.; A. W. C. (Hastings), £5; Mrs. P., 6d.; J. W., 1s.; Mrs. A. H., 1s.; A. L. P., 3s.; C. de C., 1s.; "Subaltern," 10s.; D. W. (Penryn), 2s. 6d.; R. A. R., 1s.; B. W. B. (Norwich), 1s.; H. H. (Durban), £1; G. W. (Doncaster), 2s. 6d.; E. C. (Gt. Baddon), 10s.; E. G. J. (Bournemouth), 10s.; G. H. W., 1s.; C. W., 1s.; P. G., 1s.; "Prince III.," 3s.; "Thankful," 3s.; J. S. B., 1s.; "Canadian," 2s. 6d.; E. J. R., 2s. 6d.; "Bulletite," 2s.; J. A. S., £1 "Shidznook," 10s.; W. S. C. (Derby), 11s. 7d.; "Seven," £1; N. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; "Rachel" (France), 5s.; "6645 N.O.F.," 5s.; "A Thankoffering," 5s.; "Not Sorry K.B.O.," 2s. 6d.; "Alice and Bernice," 2s. 6d.; R. A. G. (East Ham), 5s.; "Inasmuch," 3s.; F. H. (E. Sheen), 1s.; J. F., 1s. 6d.; W. B., 5s.; A. B. (Manchester), 1s.

OUR GREAT CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Readers are reminded that our JOHN BULL PEN Xmas Gift Coupon is available to the 31st December only, and those who are desirous of receiving their Pen by Christmas should apply NOW.

NOTE.—The "John Bull" Pen Xmas Gift Coupon (value 1/-), referred to above, appeared in our issue dated 17th November.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 18 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

(December 15th, 1917.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

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—Coal & Metal Mining	—Business Training
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—Steam Engineering	—Textile Manufacturing
—Civil Engineering	—Industrial Chemistry
—Boot-making	—Carpentry & Joinery
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NOTE.—If the Subject desired is not in the above List write it here:—

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NAME .....

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NO MORE GERMAN MOUTH ORGANS.

A British Invention.

A perfect Pocket Musical Instrument for our Soldiers and Sailors. Post free, 9d. each, or 8s. per doz. Full Instructions.

ROBERT FIELD, 264A, Lockwood Road, Huddersfield.

JUST EAT, SLEEP AND WORK.

Some people are deprived of all the pleasures of existence because ill-health has robbed them of efficiency, and ordinary duties now take up so much time that there is no opportunity for relaxation.

Are you like that? If you are, look into your own case and see if worry is not responsible for much of your trouble. Ask yourself whether you fret over little things and avoid when you could just as well be pleasant.

The disorder which causes its victims to worry, whether they have anything to worry about or not, is neurasthenia.

The patient is usually pale—showing that the blood is thin—cannot derive good from food taken, and feels very weak and tired. The first thing to do is to build up the blood, because anything that builds up the general health helps to correct the neurasthenic condition. Dr. Williams' pink pills are an ideal tonic for neurasthenia and nerve disorders, because neurasthenic patients should always avoid alcohol and other stimulants. Obtain Dr. Williams' pink pills to-day from any dealer, and never buy substitutes.

FREE.—Many facts are explained in the booklet "The Nerves and their Needs," free, from Post Dept., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1. Send a postcard for a copy.—ADVT.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL, and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

E. J. B. (Leamington Spa).—Glad our exposures of ineptitude in high places make your blood boil. That is what they are intended to do.

L. C. D. (Kingsholm).—What are you—a pessimist or a British Bolo—that you write so gloomily of the probable consequences of Japan's failure to occupy the Russian front?

MRS. T. (Bournemouth).—"Lost, large green lady's purse," on the day of our recent visit to Bournemouth. We know nothing about it, and can swear we saw no large green lady at the Winter Gardens.

"READER" (Kew).—Preaching at Kew, the Rev. Jabez Bridge, Wesleyan, said he would like to know how many men drink had knocked out of our Army. About the same proportion as out of our pulpits.

M. P. (Hull).—Lord Lansdowne was one of the messers of the Boer War.

PTE. A. W. (I. of Wight).—Old "Contemptibles" with wound stripes, now employed as Military Police, do not require to be defended from slander by shirkers. Their record stands.

PTE. W. (Camberwell).—"There's a man selling papers outside Liverpool Street Station who uses foul language when asked for your journal." Being a soldier and ill, you regret you could not "bung him one." We do not worry about such scum while you good boys are with us.

"HYDROQUINONE" (Hull).—"In a wink of the human eye quicker than the click of a camera?" The oldest member of our staff has been sent to the Kodak works and to Piccadilly. If he clicks, he will report result.

H. S. (Inverness).—The King's recent renunciation of all German names and titles did not involve any alteration in the name of Buckingham Palace, which is in no wise German.

J. S. (Birmingham).—Steady! One dog, one bone. Let's finish the war before we have your threatened revolution.

NURSE K. (Hornsey, N.).—Mr. Lloyd George has never cast a slur on our soldiers, nor said that they "should be brought to heel." Someone has been pulling your shapely leg.

"A CHILE READER" (Santiago).—Your letter quite warmed us. It would afford us the utmost pleasure to ship Herren Ramsay von MacDonaldstein and Philip Schnowdenbaum out to Valparaiso, or to any other old place whence their chances of returning would be no better than those of a celuloid cat in Hell.

"WAR WEARY" (London).—So are we all, but if we do not get on top in this war it won't be long before we are under.

W. B. (Hampton Hill).—We have your letter demanding the "interment" of enemy aliens, and we are not much inclined to quarrel with your spelling.

"RODWELL" (Weymouth).—Sir G. Cave mentioned Conchies in minesweepers. We are not surprised you have never met an Object while minesweeping, and we don't suppose you want to.

T. B. (Ashington).—Cinemas, pubs, and clubs open on Sunday, so why may you not sell an ounce of shag? Is the local Council rocky?

"IRELAND" (Bayswater) suggests that the Government should commandeer the lethal chamber, Dogs' Home, Battersea, for the purpose of "doing in" the "Conchies." This certainly would be the quickest way to disfranchise them.

"OLD 'SWEAT."—If you hear any shirker say that discharged soldiers are "practically useless," tell him from us they weren't useless once, and must not be insulted now.

J. B.—You say Matthew Kelly, whose "Artistic Swindle" we exposed, has gone to Scotland. But our warnings against him and his tout "Charles" have, we believe, already nipped his dodge in the bud.

"WEEKLY READER."—Near Lurgan a child fell from a train. The mother was about to jump after him, when David Torrens, of Belfast, walked along the footboard and stopped her, probably saving her life and her three other children. The first child is doing well. Torrens did jolly well!

"READER" (Westminster).—Never mind the lights from the factory. If you live "next door to Mr. McKenna and General Seely," you are safe.

HY. McG. (Barrow-in-Furness).—Don't think we should care to live in a tripe-presser's warehouse. Anyhow, we should want a lot of pressing.

A. P. (Thornton Heath).—"Please tell us how we stand in regard to sugar." Certainly. On our heads.

Miss F. B. (Stafford) says that the Germhuns at Brocton Camp are getting 9d. an hour for the work they do, while our Tommies receive only 1s. a day. Dis vas a loffley landt to liff in. Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!

"WIRE" (Leeds).—Shush! "A wise old bird lived in an oak, The more he heard the less he spoke, The less he spoke the more he heard—Why be not like that wise old bird?"

"MATED" (Grimsby).—A good wife is a jewel. Keep on kissing yours and thank the Lord.

A. G. C. (Golder's Green).—It is a strong thing to charge the Inventions Board with "doing you out" of your invention, but you appear to have been carelessly treated.

B. H. E. (Houghton).—Sinn Fein (pronounced *Shin Fane*) means "For Ourselves Alone."

DRIVER G. G. (B.E.F., France).—The crown of England and other royal regalia are kept at the Tower of London—and that, we may tell you, is a crib that would take some cracking.

J. B. P. (Maesteg).—"A straight tip in JOHN BULL would not do any harm to our red-taped Council." If they don't mend their ways, they'll get a right-hand twister.

F. P. (Deal), apropos of the petrol shortage, asks: "What would you say to certain men in this town using a car for sporting purposes, such as pigeon shooting?" Our compositor (a good man, as compositors go) refuses to "set up" the remarks we should propose to use.

"A READER" (Cinderford).—Purveyors of wreaths and crosses who tout for orders at homes where the dead are living are nothing but hideous ghouls, and should be shunned as unclean things by all decent folk.

"Scotus" (Elgin).—We have nothing but praise for Chief Constable Mair's scheme for clothing destitute children in Morayshire; "whether legitimate or illegitimate—they are all God's children," says he. But what a damnable disgrace to the country it is that such a thing should be necessary.

J. P. T. (Penicuik).—You are not the only one anxious to recover money sent to Davis and Co., the Denmark Hill "pawnbrokers." Try a gentle summons.

"One Who Was There" (Sheffield).—Certainly wicked to make wounded and crippled soldiers stand to witness the entertainment, while strong young civilians took the seats.

S. P. (Cork).—"An apple-woman told me British soldiers call Irish soldiers pro-Germans in the trenches, because of Sinn Fein." She must have eaten her own apples and got the colic. Men out there are brothers, every one.

"Volunteer" (Ilkeston).—"Volunteers are graciously supplied with boots—for £1 8s. 9d. I bought the identical kind at a shop for 18s., and I defy any expert to detect a difference." Enough to set the boot-tongues wagging.

"Mrs. Tommy" (Crouch End).—"Soon half the world will be in Park Lane and the other half in the workhouse." A very clever simile, madam; we must see it does not come true.

G. (Hythe).—"Visit these seaplane works in disguise, and you will be astonished at the delay and slackness." We will fill up with cold tea and come disguised as a bottle of Government ale.

"An Army Sister" (Dartford).—One does occasionally, even in England, find rude and pompous women riding in first-class compartments, seeming to regard the entry of other passengers as a personal affront. These are what we call "perfect ladies."

Major H. (Kensington).—All we can say for H. C. Temple's (39, Maddox Street, Hanover Square, W.) "cure" for blushing is that he has evidently cured himself, if no one else, otherwise he would not have the "face" to circulate such brazen touting letters as that received by your 18 years' old daughter.

A. W. (Liverpool).—Agreed that the Huns are mad. And they'll be madder yet before we've done with them.

"British."—"I have withheld my name for certain reasons." And we have withheld our reply because, with singular hardihood, you have transgressed our rules.

Misses R. B. & W. V. W. (Southall) say that they can't get aeroplane work because one is only 5 ft. and the other only 4 ft. 11 high. Didn't know aeroplane workers had to move in high society.

Mrs. V. L. (Newhaven).—Afraid we do not "happen to have a close friend in Bournville." If we had, he would probably be chucked out.

Mrs. M. A. (Gateshead) asks us to state that if the mother of Private William Starke, K.O.S. Borderers, lately killed in action, will communicate with her at 44, Fleming Street, Gateshead, she may receive an interesting memento of her gallant son.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in John Bull, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* John Bull, *Advertisement Department, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*

COMPANY MEETING.

LONDON-AMERICAN MARITIME TRADING CO., LTD.

The annual general meeting was held on Thursday, the 6th inst., at the Great Eastern Hotel, London. The Earl of Wemyss, the chairman, said it would be folly to attempt to forecast the future, or the profits of the future. The company's fleet had had its full share of losses by submarines. When the company started business all the ships were under time charter—an excellent arrangement when freights were low, but when freights were high they were unable to take advantage of that fact, while an enormous sum had to be paid for insurance. In the past year this outlay was £100,000, but the Government had taken over all war risks on requisitioned vessels, and this expenditure would, he hoped, be materially lightened in the next year.

The result of their acquisition of the Leander Steamship Company, however, was that a dividend of £48,435 had been received, which had saved the situation, because under the time charter it would have been impossible to run their ships at a profit. During the year they had purchased the s.s. *Benwood*, which had done very well for the company. Moreover, in the current financial year three more ships had been purchased, from which he hoped very good results would be shown next year. At the time of last year's meeting the outstanding debentures were £169,945. On July 31, 1917, they were £81,880, and on September 25 £66,750. At that date the company deposited £72,000 for the redemption of all debentures, premium and interest. Practically, therefore, the debentures were wiped off, a satisfactory state of affairs which enabled the Preference shareholders to have a first charge on the revenues. Against the reduction of debentures they had obtained an advance from their bankers of £81,000, now reduced to £72,500. From profit and loss account they transferred £20,000 to reserve for contingencies, and they had also a general reserve of £20,000 and a special reserve of £90,000. Of the last, however, he feared that excess profits tax (the amount of which was not yet ascertained) would absorb by far the greater part. Therefore the reserves they could count upon at present might be called £80,000. The large item of £186,785 for sundry creditors was perfectly good. The result of the year's trading was an available balance of £41,331 4s. 11d., after transferring the £20,000 to reserve. They had already paid to the Ordinary shareholders a dividend of 5 per cent., which, with the 7 per cent. on the Cumulative and Participating Preference shares, left £26,33 14s. 11d. at their disposal. The directors proposed to pay a further and final dividend of 7 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, which would require £10,000, and there would remain a balance of £16,331 4s. 11d. to be carried forward. This balance, however, would be subject to the proposal which the directors thought it right to make that the Preference shareholders should receive a further £1,750, representing an additional dividend of 1¾ per cent., so that they would receive in all for the year 8¾ per cent. In conclusion, the Chairman paid a tribute to the manager (Mr. Petersen) and to the secretary (Mr. Wilkins) for their unremitting attention to the affairs of the company.

Mr. Frederick Last seconded the motion.

Mr. William Petersen said that his position had not been a bed of roses during the past twelve months. The management of shipping nowadays, as everybody knew, was a very difficult task, but he had no complaint to make so far as any Government restrictions had been enforced in connection with the company's fleet, because he thought it was a necessity for the country to commandeer all they could to increase their fighting force.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

COMPANY MEETING.

GRAMOPHONE (LIMITED).

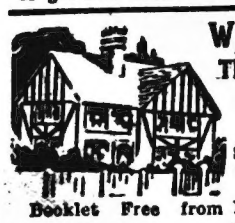
The ordinary general meeting of the Gramophone Company, Ltd., was held on Wednesday, the 5th inst., at Salisbury House, Mr. E. Trevor Ll. Williams, the chairman, presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, stated that the company became a controlled firm under the Munitions Act in September, 1915, and since then it had been impossible until now for the directors to submit any accounts. The directors were now able to submit a balance-sheet for the two years ended June, 1917. It was one upon which they might well congratulate themselves.

The trading profit for the period with which the report dealt amounted to £349,415 6s. 10d., an average of close upon £175,000 for the two years. The trading profit added to the balance brought forward showed a total of £363,664 19s. 1d. The amounts to be deducted from that figure were self-explanatory, except the last item of £132,619 9s 4d. transfer to the war contingency fund. This was a provision against loss of assets in foreign countries.

The total deduction amounted to £291,159, leaving unappropriated profits of £72,505 13s. 9d. The directors recommended a dividend on the Ordinary shares of 10 per cent., less tax, making, with 10 per cent. paid in November, 1916, 20 per cent. for the period with which they were dealing.

On the gramophone side of the business, shareholders would welcome the news that the public demand for the company's goods was as great as or greater than ever.—The report was adopted.



WE'LL BUY THAT HOUSE!

through the **'City Life'**

Simple System of instalment payments

Booklet Free from F.G.L./J.B.
City Life Assurance Co., Ltd.,
6, Paul Street, London, E.C.

Your Boy at the Front

needs cigarettes to smoke every day. So send him some **"De Reszke"** *American*—he's worthy of the very best.

Sold everywhere.

THE LUCKY BLACK CAT & HORSESHOE CALENDAR for 1918

A useful gift to send your friends at Xmas.

A very smart Calendar printed in silver and colours, embossed and made to stand up.

Sent to any address by the Manufacturers:

1/- POST FREE.

D. HARPER & Co., Ltd.,
56, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

VERITAS GAS MANTLES.

British Made by British Labour with British Capital.

Obtainable from all Ironmongers, Gas Fitters, Dealers, &c. Wholesale.
VERITAS LIGHT WORKS,
London, Glasgow and Manchester.

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

2ND PRIZE £25 | **3RD PRIZE £10**

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."—First choose any of the 32 examples given below. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—FATHER'S COMPLAINT. Bullet:—EVERYTHING CONTROLLED EXCEPT MOTHER. Example:—GETTING ANGRY. Bullet:—TOMMY WITH PACIFISTS. Competitors may send in two "BULLETS" on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated January 5th, 1918. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated December 15th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 265.

ATTACKING WORK	PROMOTING A FAILURE	ARTFUL PUSS	WHERE THE MONEY GOES
WHEN BOTTOMLEY SPEAKS	UNCLE SAM	SWEET AS SUGAR	TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS
NEEDS INCREASING	WHEN RATIONING STARTS	ON THE CARDS	BREAD AND BUTTER
PEACE AND GOODWILL	BETTER OFF	FATHER CHRISTMAS	IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH
EASILY DONE	ONLY A RUMOUR	MY WIFE'S DRESS	FATHER'S COMPLAINT
A PERFECT DAY	ON HOME SERVICE	FOOLING THE PEOPLE	WHAT PACIFISTS WANT
LOVE AND WAR	WELCOME HOME	GETTING ANGRY	SAYING NO
DROPPING OFF	AFTER A KISS	HIDE AND WARM	DISAPPOINTING THE KAISER

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, December 20th.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(265) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.
Signed_____
Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 265. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, December 20th.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(265) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.
Signed_____
Address_____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, December 20th.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(265) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.
Signed_____
Address_____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition, No. 266. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27th. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 266 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 266, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such coupons MUST NOT contain any of the Thirty-Two Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 266.

What Russia Wants	Mixing Things Up	Keeping Christmas	Starting	When Turkey's Finished
Sold Out	Once Upon A Time	Sir Arthur Yapp	Landlady's Excuse	Buying War Bonds
Many Tanks	What Tommy Says	Grocer's Shop	Sweet Young Maid	Stirring Times
A Warm Customer	Marriage Vows	Keeping A Secret	Christmas Stocking	Makes Kaiser Blush

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be detached in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 263rd "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mrs. E. J. WILLIAMS,
78, Lordship Lane,
East Dulwich, London, S.E. 22.

Example:—PLEASANT DREAMS.
Bullet:—SHOPPING AGAIN IN "PEACE."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. A. FIELDEN,
238, Entwistle Road, Rochdale.

Example:—SECOND TO NONE.
Bullet:—EMPTY POCKET—AS CONTROLLER.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. WM. DAWSON,
142, Wellington Street, Glasgow.

Example:—CAPITAL AND LABOUR.
Bullet:—CAN "SQUARE UP"—AFTERWARDS.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. H. E. CHICK, 56, Windsor Road, Holloway, London, N.:
A RUSH CUSTOMER—PACIFIST MEMBER "WITHOUT QUESTION."

Mr. H. E. CHANT, 19, Dingwall Gardens, Colder's Green, N.W.:
PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS—PUT PATRIOTISM BEFORE "PARTY."

Mr. G. WHITE, 14, Iverson Road Kilburn, London, N.W.:
TROUBLE AT HOME—"SOME HOPE" FOR GERMANY.

Sgt. T. WILLIAMS, 352930, 6th R. Lancs. Fusiliers, Scarborough:
NEAR NEIGHBOURS—SWITZERLAND REGRETS BELLIGERENTS ARE.

Mr. J. H. LACEY, 30, Linden Street, Shirebrook, Derbyshire:
TOMMY REJOICES WHEN—FREE TO BE FRANK.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. T. D. DICKSON, 97, Deane Church Lane, Bolton, Lancs.:
NEAR NEIGHBOURS—HARD WORK, POOR PAY.

Mr. E. F. WHITEHEAD, Brinsley, Nottingham:
TO TELL THE TRUTH—SHAMES TWO DEVILS NOW.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. R. A. PATERSON, 104, Clarence Street, Glasgow, S.S.:
TO TELL THE TRUTH—WOULD MAKE READING "MATTER."

Mr. J. A. DOUGLAS, 172, Stanley Street, Glasgow, S.S.:
NOT TAKEN SERIOUSLY—THAT "FINAL REJECTION."

Mr. G. WATLING, 58, Meath Road, Ilford:
TO TELL THE TRUTH—OMITTED FROM MARRIAGE VOWS.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mrs. A. B. MILLS, The Cottage, Whitfield, Dover:
NEAR NEIGHBOURS—BUTCHER'S PRICES AND CEILING.

Mrs. F. S. CROSSER, 18, Windsor Road, Wanstead, E. 11:
ENOUGH TO DO—"RECOGNISING" EVERY RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.

Mr. J. DOUGLAS, 20, Dickson Street, Leith, N.B.:
WANTS FINDING—CIGARETTE TOMMY CAN'T SMOKE.

Mr. P. CULLIGAN, 14, Park Street, Bootle, Liverpool:
BACKING A WINNER—SAVES MANY A "CUSS."

Mr. J. G. DODDS, 43, Swallowfield Road, Reading:
BECOMING SCARCE—GREATNESS, AS STATESMEN "GO."

Mr. C. A. CUNDY, 138, Clanfield, near Horndean, Hants:
WIFE HUSBAND—ADJOURNS ARGUMENT TILL SATURDAY.

E. A. ROWSON, A.C.I., R.N.A.S., c/o 115, Highgate Road, N.W. 5:
WANTS FINDING—NEUTRAL GERMANY HASN'T USED.

Mrs. C. CLARKE, 5, Audrey Road, Ilford, Essex:
BECOMING SCARCE—SOME "MAKE MOST" OF.

Mr. SYDNEY D. BRIMWELL, Holmleigh, Launceston:
WHAT LLOYD GEORGE WANTS—LET NOBODY "DISPUTE" NOW.

Miss M. B. HOPKINS, Glen Brae, Mossley, Congleton, Cheshire:
TO TELL THE TRUTH—URGES GOVERNMENT, NOT PEOPLE.

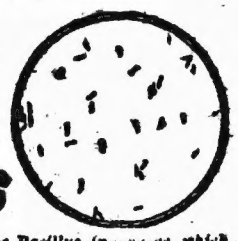
Complete List of All Cash and other Prize Winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

A COMPLETE LIST OF THE 200 WINNERS OF TURKEYS FOR COMPETITION No. 263 WILL BE READY NEXT WEEK, AND WILL BE FORWARDED TO ANY APPLICANT ON RECEIPT OF A PENNY STAMP.

The danger of INFECTION.

Overheated and overcrowded rooms or workshops, exposure to cold, and mental and physical fatigue; each represent conditions which are favourable to attacks of the *Bacillus Influenzæ*. Whenever these conditions are met, the ill effects of the germ attacks can be neutralised if one or two Evans' Pastilles are allowed to dissolve in the mouth when the danger threatens.

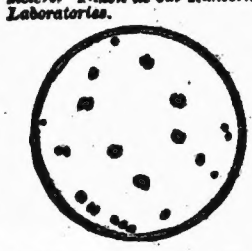
EVANS' Pastilles



The effective precautionary measure against the microbes of Influenza, Catarrh, Diphtheria, Pneumonia, etc.

The Bacillus Influenzæ, which is responsible for all cases of Influenza, magnified 540 diameters. Taken at our Runcorn Laboratories.

The unique antiseptic qualities possessed by Evans' Pastilles aid the natural resistance against all microbes which attack the mouth and throat, and loosen any mucous secretions which may be present.



Even in perfectly healthy throats is found the Micrococcus Catarrhalis. Protect yourself from attack by taking Evans' Pastilles.

Warning! *See the raised bar on each Pastille. None are genuine without this mark.*

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free from the Makers - - - **1/3** Per Tin.

Evans Sons Lescher & Webb, Ltd., 56, Hanover Street, Liverpool.

[W.1.]

PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES

Other laces may *look* like Paton's but none have the same wearing qualities or smart appearance.

Paton's will give you lasting satisfaction because of their long wear. One of their strong features is the fast tab and the colours being constant Paton's laces never look shabby. See that the next laces you buy are banded with the name "PATON'S"—they are so much better than any other, it is worth your while.

	(Per Pair.)
Boot Laces for Ladies' and Gents' Wear	2d. and 3d.
Shoe Laces (flat and tubular) for Ladies' and Gents' Wear	3d.
Leather Laces for Ladies' and Gents' Wear	6d. and 9d.

British made throughout.

Your own boot-dealer can supply you if you insist upon PATON'S.

024 WM. PATON LTD., JOHNSTONE, SCOTLAND.

THE INEVITABLE END OF EVERY BEETLE.

Once you employ the aid of Hawley's I.K. the doom of every insect is sealed. There's not the smallest loophole for escape. It clears them out in double-quick time, rids your home of great disease-breeders and carriers without mess or fuss.

Hawley's **I.K.** Insect Killer

is sold by most chemists.

Hawley's I.K. is the best means whereby you can completely exterminate "six-legged" pests. Quite harmless, in perforated-top tins. Go to your chemist and ask for a tin of genuine I.K. Take it home and sprinkle the powder in every nick and crannie you can find.

Add to the comfort of one soldier at the front by sending him a tin to-day.

Manufactured by:—
EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB, LONDON & LIVERPOOL.

W2.

"JOHN BULL'S"

GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 20 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

Dec. 15, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A half-penny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home .....

.....

Dec. 15, 1917.

£25 REWARD

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for Dec. 8, 1917, bearing on the Covers the numbers 076,414, 387,912, 649,750, 998,800 and 1,737,426. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid the sum of £5. Apply, THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.2.

Foster Clark's

The Creamiest Custard

Cream Custard

RILEY'S Home Billiards

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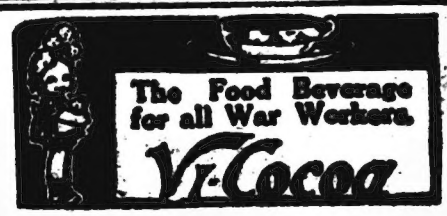

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